BICYCLE PATH OF PROGRESS

Adaptability of the Wheel to Practical Ne ds.

WORLD'S HIGHEST TRACK

Mexico a Wheelman's Paradise. A New Device For Protecting Eyes.

(Copyright, 1896.)

The telegraph bicycle is the invention of a man of Anderson, Indiana, who has been associated with railroads long enough to know that when there is a wreck of any sort, the company wants immediate and full particulars of it. This novel idea is nothing less than a telegraph office, which travels on a bicycle, and is so constructed that it can keep to the railroad tracks, or can, in five minutes, be in condition to leave the tracks and take to the highway.

By this arrangement, railroad men are enabled to mount their wheels and get without delay to the scene of a railroad wreck, or to repair a broken line. It is at such times that the managers of a telegraph or telephone line, or the official of a railroad, appreciates any possible saving of time, and this is what the use of the combination track and highway machine accomplishes.

When it is desired to use the machine on the rails a three-wheeled triangular framework is attached to the bicycle, which holds it securely in place on one of the rails.

The small wheels of the triangular frame are flanged like the ordinary railway truck wheel, and by fitting the rails closely prevent all danger of the bicycle slipping.

One peculiar feature of this arrangement is a coil of wire which is carried on a reel, just above the rear fork of the machine. On the handle bar is a telegraph instrument which is connected with the wire, one end of which is held in the station operator's room. The advantage of this is that the operator on the machine lays his own line as he rides down the track and is in constant communication with headquarters. Where the wrecking train is busy at some other portion of the road, the bicycle telegraph office can precede it and by wiring to headquarters the details of the wreck, the officials are able to act intelligently and in this way money, as well as time, may often be saved.

When the operator desires to return to the station the reel above the rear wheel automatically recoils the wire, leaving the operator the free use of his hands with which to manage his machine. When it is desired to use the bicycle on any highway, the triangular attachment is easily removed and folded and carried on the machine.

All the required tools and the telegraph apparatus are carried in a satchel swung beneath the top bar of the frame. The brace rods of the attachment may be converted into a support for the bicycle when repairing lines along highways, or when telegraphing.

The attachment weighs about fifteen pounds, and a stanchly made bicycle, proper for a lineman's use, twenty-five pounds, making the whole equipment but forty pounds in weight.

A speed of twenty-five miles an hour can be easily made when following the railroad track, and fifteen to twenty miles an hour has been attained, without fatigue to the rider, when the wires follow the highway.

A TRACK IN THE CLOUDS.

The idea of a bicycle track in the clouds must seem like a dream to cyclists who amuse themselves in an effort to dodge wagons on the crowded streets of a city, or who spurt around the conventional every-day tracks of the ordinary courses. And yet the course at the La Piedad Track at Mexico City, Mexico, is eight thousand feet above the sea level. There the clouds hang low in the clear atmosphere, hovering about the peaks of snow clad mountains. The air is light and invigorating; the leaves of the dense foliage are of an unnatural freshness; the grasses are fragrant and of a peculiar richness. It is an ideal spot for a cyclist and the champion rider, A. W. Evens, who recently visited the course, came away with this idea, if we can judge by the following account concerning the track, which he has written for us:

"When the Cyclists' Union Club was started in Mexico a year ago the members began to look around for a suitable track, with the result that one was planned on the Poseo de la Piedad, and it is now one of the finest tracks in the country.

"There are many reasons why this track is a favorite one among wheelmen. Nor are the least of these the equable temperature of the climate and the delightful scenery of the locality. It might be thought that at an altitude of 8,000 feet, racing would be difficult, but it has not been found so. Some remarkably good records have been made over this track, and the riders have experienced no ill effects from their work.

"The highest track in the world is on a fine avenue, the surface of which is very good, as in fact are all roads leading into the Mexican capital. The track itself is covered with a material resembling cement, but not quite so hard. For five or six months of the year we have no rain in Mexico that amounts to anything, and the few showers never wet more than the surface, which is as dry as a bone within an hour after the rain is over. Mexico is in many respects a wheelman's paradise. There is hardly any dust on the roads, and what little there is, does not blow all over one, as it does in the States.

"After leaving the City of Mexico, the road on which the track in the skies is situated, winds upward toward the snow-capped ridge surrounding the plateau. On both sides of the way are immense trees that cast a pleasing shade as the wheelmen pedal along the hard, dry roadbed.

"The growth of vegetation is most luxuriant, and across the narrow valley can be seen the green clad slopes of the mountains, as they rise to the snow capped peaks which pierce the clouds. The entrance to the track is by a sharp turn out of the road, across a little rustic bridge, over what was once a canal. The ticket office is a tiny building with a thatched roof, which gives a very picturesque effect to the entrance.

"The track is a third of a mile in length, and is half encircled by the grandstand, which has a row of handsome private boxes in front. Just beyond the grandstand is a promenade with well kept walks and an evergreen lawn.

"On the opposite side of the track from the grandstand are the training quarters of the men. Each man has a separate house to himself, while for general use there is a large house for all at the track. The enclosure is kept in the best possible order and there is every convenience for the riders as well as for the spectators. The track is rather a fast one. One rider rode an unpaced mile in 2:12. I myself have ridden twenty-one and two-third miles in one hour, unpaced, and on one occasion I made a century unpaced, in five hours and twenty minutes.

"Directly in front of the path can be seen the towering heights of Popocatapetl, the highest mountain in America. Since the earliest memory of man this giant has been snow-capped. Just beyond is seen another huge peak. It is Ixaccihnatl, and although both mountains seem but a few miles distant, they are in reality over fifty miles away.

"As a rule, the majority of Mexican bicycle races are run on Sunday, which is the general day for recreation in this country. At first the people did not take kindly to the idea of the riders appearing bare-armed and bare-legged on the track, but they soon got over that and now everybody is anxious to go to the races and see the results. It is safe to say that bicycle riding and bull fighting are making a close race for popular favor in Mexico.

"Surrounding the track and on either side of the broad walks leading up to the grand stand are set flagpoles, and on days when there is any racing the air is full of gayly colored bunting.

"In my racing experience in Mexico I have found the country and the people most delightful, particularly in the immediate vicinity of the City of Mexico. In this very even climate it does not seem to me that one feels the fatigue of riding or racing as in a more northern latitude, and I have found that, taken altogether, Mexico is the place of all places for the enthusiastic wheelman.

"One peculiar thing, however, is the habit which the Mexicans have of taxing a bicycle a dollar each month. Each wheel is registered and numbered, and if the rider is found on the street without a bell and a metal tag showing his number, and a light at night, he or she is fined $5. But there is so much else in favor of the place for the wheelman, that, after the first month, he does not bother much about the tax."

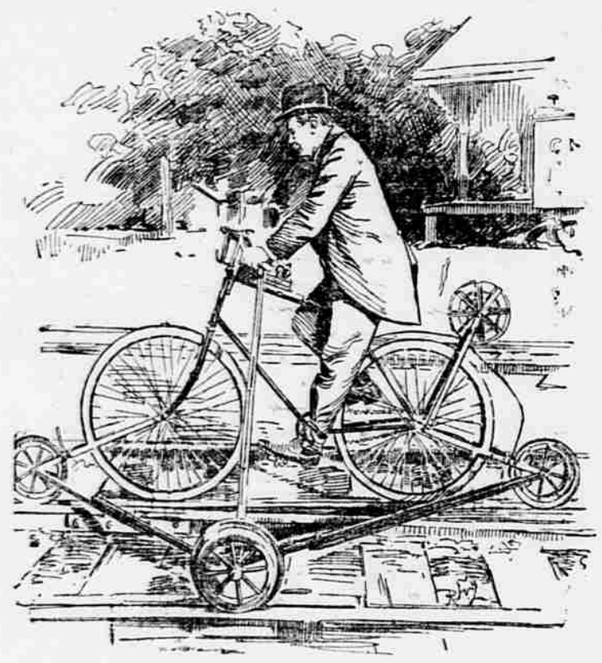
A CURE FOR THE BICYCLE EYE.

Cycle spectacles are the newest thing in wheeling paraphernalia. They are not intended especially, as might be at first supposed, for persons afflicted with the "bicycle eye," although they may be found beneficial for that ailment, but they have been invented for the sole purpose of keeping the dust out of the cyclist's eyes as he wheels along a sandy road. They do not magnify at all, but are made of plain glass. The glass may be blue, if desired to modify the glaring sunlight, but most of the spectacles have clear glass.

Their distinguishing characteristic is a scoop-like piece of metal gauze on the outside of each glass, which fits the hollows formed between cheek bones and eyebrows and prevents particles of dust from flying into the corners of the eye. These gauze pieces are provided with tiny hinges which fasten to the upper and the lower edge of each glass, and by this means they can be folded up with the ear pieces and enclosed in an ordinary case, which the bicycle girl will wear on her chatelaine.

As these spectacles do not in any way affect the eyesight, they will doubtless be widely adopted, a circumstance which will surely give rise to a panic among the conservatives who do not ride, as to the baleful effects of the bicycle upon the eyesight. Statistics to show that nine-tenths of the bicyclists wear glasses will only mean, however, that a large proportion of sensible people are trying to keep the dust out of their eyes. At present, though they are somewhat crude in both material and construction, the spectacles are selling for one dollar a pair.

The new device can, of course, be applied to any spectacles or eyeglasses, so that those who already wear "specs" as an aid to sight, may convert them into dust protectors by attaching the little gauze scoop to the sides of each lens.



Bicycle with Telegraph Attachments.

GUESTS SURE OF COOL WEATHER.

Hotel at Spitzbergen Where the Thermometer Never Rises to Fever Heat.

I mentioned in my last article the hotel that had been erected on the little spit of land in Advent Bay, and as a hotel in latitude 78 degrees north is a novelty, it may interest some readers to have a description of it. It is, of course, built entirely of wood, and is of the ordinary type of Norwegian chalets, with a spouted dragon on the gable in default of a signboard.

The bedrooms are cozy little cabins, with portholes for windows, for, as there is no sun to let in during the dark months, and one's chief aim and object is to keep his rays out while the sun holds all-night sittings, the smaller the aperture the better. It only took about a fortnight to put it up, and already, besides some of the members of Sir Martin Conway's expedition, it has had several staying visitors.

An enthusiastic Norwegian sportsman had made it his headquarters, and there were also some English ladies patronizing it. Once a week the Norwegian company which put it up runs a mail boat, carrying passengers and letters. It has its own postoffice and its own stamps, which, however, only frank letters as far as Tromso. Those who have stayed there report very favorably as to the comfort and food, and as the charge is only 10 kroner a day, it is by no means an extravangantly dear place to stop at.

The Norwegain sportsman referred to had had very fair sport, having killed two polar bears, reindeer and a walrus, but the walrus is difficult to secure. Unless he is shot in the throat, a wound which for some reason prevents him from diving, he disappears into fathomless depths when mortally wounded. For the ornithologist Advent Bay presents many attractions, and at present the birds are by no means shy. What the result of constant incursions of trappers may be is another question.

The scenery all around us was very grand, but the hotel, flaunting its Norwegian flag—Spitzbergen, though claimed by Russia and Norway, is really no man's land—almost forbade the belief that we were actually in the region of the pole, yet we were then a good deal north of the spot where Franklin and his gallant crew died.

The name of the most conspicuous mountain in view, towering over a gigantic glacier—Dead Man's Ear—savored enough of romance and adventure to cancel, at least, in part, the incongruous effect of the neat little inn with its postoffice, and even the empty champagne bottle which betrayed the picnicker and tripper. There is coal, by the way, in the neighborhood, and one of the party secured a specimen of a ligneous-looking character, and peat there must be in abundance, for the promontory was of a very Irish bog-like description.

COAL SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Extraordinary Increase of the World's Consumption During a Century.

Cassier's Magazine.

In 1870, about the time the steam engine was invented, the consumption of coal in Great Britain was some 6,500,000 gross tons a year. It had risen to 27,000,000 tons in 1816; to 50,875,000 tons in 1850; to 84,042,698 tons in 1800; to 112,875,525 tons in 1870; to 146,969,469 tons in 1880; to 181,614,288 tons in 1890, and to 188,277,525 gross tons (210,870,828 net tons) in 1894. The result of the discussions on the subject of the duration of the coal supply of Great Britain was the conclusion that if the output increases in the same ratio as it has for twenty or thirty years, the coal will be exhausted in a little over a century. These estimates are now regarded as excessive, as it is conceded that there is in each nation a limit to industrial development, which, without considering the great economies in the use of fuel, will also limit the expenses of coal production. Mr. Gruener places this limit for England at 250,000,000 tons, which supports a mining population of 1,000,000 miners and a working population of 5,000,000.

In the United States the production of coal has been increasing in much greater ratio than in Great Britain. We cannot go back to the eighteenth century and give figures of production of coal, nor is that necessary in order to indicate how enormous has been the increase in its production and consumption in the United States. At the tenth census, 1880, the production of coal in the United States is reported at 71,481,570 nett tons; at the eleventh census, 1889, it had risen to 141,229,513 net tons, nearly double, and in 1893, according to the report of E. W. Parwer, of the United States Geological Survey, it was 182,352,774 net tons, an increase of more than two and one-half times in thirteen years, doubling about every five years.

Similar increases could be shown for the other great coal-producing countries, as Belgium, Germany, Austria, France and Russia. The world's demands for heat and power are increasing marvelously, while the world's supply of coal is a definite quantity, and it is an evident proposition that with the exhaustion of its coal, not only will the power and influence of a nation decline, but even its existence may be imperiled.

CLIMATE AND CHARACTER.

National Traits Often Molded by the Nature of the Weather.

New York Journal.

The civil war is said to have been caused by a difference in climate, and the question is now being discussed whether a hot or a cold climate has the greatest effect on national character. It has been widely believed that a severe climate produces the greater effect, because it compels effort and self-denial, and thus promotes energy and inventiveness.

It would also seem that the influence of climate upon national character has been greatly exaggerated. Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt and Carthage, situated in hot latitudes, were among the most masterful nations of antiquity. Mohammed and his conquering legions issued from the burning wilderness of Arabia, and at a later period his successors were able to beat back the repeated attacks of the combined crusading nations from the North.

The greatness of a nation depends mainly upon intellectual and moral qualities, and these have often been conspicuously developed among the inhabitants of hot climates. It is important, too, to remember that the same nation, occupying the same region, may be great and powerful in one age and weak and contemptible in another. The difference between the ancient Greeks, Romans and Saracens, on the one hand, and their modern descendants on the other, cannot have been due to climate.

M'KINLEY IN DIME NOVEL

Does Wonderful Things as Hero in a Boy's Paper.

SAMPLES OF THE THRILLS

Story Is Called "Young Napoleon McKinley; or, a Boy Politician's Fight to the White House"—Bryan Has Also Been Immortalized Between Yellow Covers.

Hon. William McKinley, candidate for President of the United States on the Republican ticket, does not alone occupy the attention of the adults of his party. He has been made a novel hero, and his thrilling experiences as told in a juvenile weekly, make spirited reading.

A few extracts are given to show the trend of the boys' literature of the day. The same publication is also running the life and adventures of the candidate on the Democratic ticket, entitled: "Billy Bryan, the Boy Orator of the Platte; or, From Plow to President." The author of the last named romance, "Old Sport," makes William Jennings Bryan rescue an innocent man from a lynching party, as well as other less adventurous and heroic things.

Verily, the boy author and juvenile publishers are very much up to date.

CHAPTER I.

Introducing Napoleon McKinley—The Quarrel.

"Again I tell you, Burt Johnson, if you were twice as big and twice as rich, you're not going to lord it over every boy in Niles.

He Had Brought the Wrong Body.

This bullying has been going on too long. It must stop—right here!"

"What have you to do with it?" growled Johnson.

"I've everything to do with it. This bullying of yours must end—once for all. That boy has done nothing to you that you should treat him like a dog. He's not your size, nor your strength, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The last speaker was a boy of seventeen—a well-developed, sturdy-looking lad, with clear-cut features of an aquiline cast, firm mouth and bluish-gray eyes that shot living lightning as he spoke.

The scene was an open space or square in the small town of Niles, O., the audience a dozen boys ranging between the ages of fifteen and eighteen.

They looked to be schoolboys—and were.

In the center of the throng was a stalwart, well-knit youth with black hair and eyes. He had been standing over a much smaller lad than himself, whom he had been beating when the first speaker came up.

There was something sinister about Burt Johnson's face. It was apparent that he had been accustomed to lording it over the other schoolboys, as he was bigger and much better dressed than any present.

"You had better let Garrett Emerson up or you'll have to deal with me," said the first speaker again, whose name was William McKinley and whose father was an industrious and prosperous iron manufacturer of the little town which we have adverted to.

"If I don't do it, what then?" said Burt Johnson, doubling his fists threateningly.

It was plain that all the boys, with the exception of McKinley, stood in great fear of this young bully of Niles.

"Then I'll see if I can't make you," came quietly from young McKinley.

"Look out, Billy," interposed one of the boys. "You're not strong or quick enough for him."

"It's not always the strongest or quickest comes off best," was William's emphatic reply.

And without more ado he made a dash for the school bully.

Burt Johnson squared off and made an upper-cut for young McKinley's head.

The boys scattered, giving the contestants plenty of room, while the lad whom Johnson had been pummeling moved aside with the rest.

His nose was bleeding, his eye discolored; he had been crying.

He had now ceased his sobs.

He appeared concerned for his champion.

But he need have had no fear on that score, for William McKinley met Burt Johnson's uppercut with a one, two, three on the body and face that staggered him.

This he followed up with a cross-counter and two more blows in rapid succession which not only dazed but floored the larger boy.

This ended the fight for the time being, so far as Burt Johnson was concerned, for up came at the moment the town marshal, of Niles, Ben Halliday.

The town marshal was an old Mexican veteran.

He had seen service with Gen. Scott, and went to Mexico with a volunteer regiment from his native State, Ohio.

When the marshal came up the boys scattered, all save Burt Johnson and William McKinley.

Ben Halliday was no friend of Burt Johnson.

His quick eye took in the trouble at once. He was only too glad that Johnson had got whipped for his brutality.

"Been at your games again?" sneered the old man. "But you reckoned without your host this time, my fine fellow. Good for you, William," the marshal exclaimed, "I'm glad you lickedu him, and licked him well, too. Bullies get at the fighting they want—and sometimes too much."

Burt Johnson now picked himself from the ground, where he lay, and with an expression of resentment said:

"William McKinley, for once you've got the upper hand, But we'll meet again. When we do look out for yourself."

But Billy, without deigning to notice this threat, turned on his heel and walked away with Halliday.

* * * * * * *

"Where do you go from here?" asked the boy of Ellsworth.

"Washington."

"I should like to go with you," with much earnestness, from Billy.

"I've to call on the President. He's a great, good man, and I've no doubt but you would like to see him. If you can get your father's consent I'll take you."

It was not so hard to obtain the consent of the father as young McKinley thought.

Two days later Col. Ellsworth and William McKinley were walking arm in arm up to the White House.

Billy, as his school companions called him, was visibly impressed with the President, as Lincoln was with Billy.

His clear-cut, honest face, with its rather remarkable resemblance to the great Napoleon, soon made Billy hosts of friends in Washington.

But there was to come a crisis in his life sooner than he expected.

While young William McKinley was in Washington with Col. Ellsworth, Fort Sumter, after a two days' bombardment, surrendered to the Confederates.

This was the first blow the country had received, so to speak, and it came almost like a lightning bolt out of a clear sky.

War had begun between North and South in earnest.

CHAPTER II.

NAPOLEON McKINLEY'S AVENGING STROKE.

Following the surrender of Fort Sumter to the Confederates, Col. Ellsworth received one morning an urgent message from President Lincoln.

"This means active service," he remarked to young McKinley. "I learn that there has been a call for 75,000 men. The list has been already filled and the army organized. Now, if you like, you can come with me and see the President."

William McKinley gaudy availed himself of this offer.

About 11 o'clock that morning they found themselves at the White House.

A little later they were ushered into Lincoln's presence.

"What are you going to do with this young man?" asked the President, alluding to McKinley.

"I should like to take him to Alexandria with me," replied Ellsworth.

"What age is he?"

"Going on his eighteenth year."

"He can enlist in your command, can he not?" said the President.

"Save for one thing, he'd be only too willing," replied the colonel.

"What is the nature of the objection?"

"He would like to muster in from his own State. But this is more his father's idea than his own," Ellsworth explained.

"And I'd prefer respecting his father's wishes."

* * * * * * *

Next morning Col. Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves marched out of Washington by the Long Bridge on their way to Alexandria.

The only man in the command who had no uniform was young McKinley.

And yet there was not a man in the regiment better liked.

The colonel had so much to do on the march that he could pay very little attention to Billy.

Shortly after the regiment resumed its march into Alexandria.

What follows is a matter of history.

On entering one of the principal streets of Alexandria the regiment was called to a sudden halt.

And not without reason.

"What is the cause of the halt?" asked young McKinley of Brownell.

He had almost lost sight of the sad occurrence of a little while before.

"The matter," Brownell repeated. "There is the matter, my dear boy. That rascally hotel keeper of the Marshall House has hauled up the Confederate flag. Look! It bear the stars and bars."

Such, indeed, was the case.

The owner of the Marshall House, a man named Jackson, perceiving the Ellsworth Zouaves approaching, ran up the Confederate flag to the flagstaff.

Jackson was more or less intoxicated, so reckless of consequences.

* * * * * * *

Then the death of the hotel man is described and the author sends McKinley galloping to Washington with the news.

"No—Whisky He Faintly Murmured.

COLLIDED WITH A DEER.

Novel Experience of a Bicyclist Touring in the Adirondacks.

New York Sun.

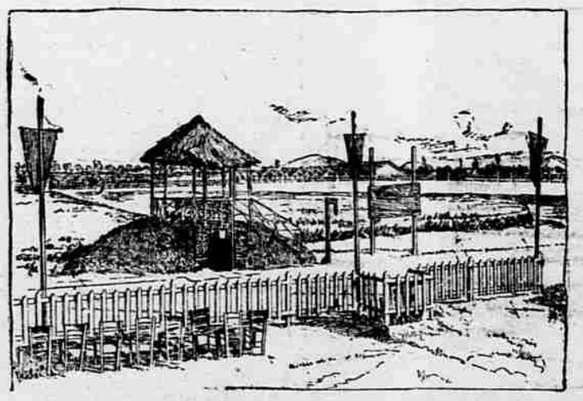
A young woodsman had a curious adventure the other night in the wild woods of Morehouseville, up in the Adirondacks. He was riding along the road on a bicycle. His lamp was lit, and the light it threw was powerful.

Suddenly, in the road ahead, halfway down a hill, a form loomed up in the light thrown by the lamp. Two turns of the pedals showed that it was a deer, which, hearing no sound and seeing nothing but the light, had been literally jacked, as much as ever a deer was jacked from a boat along a backwoods stream. The sight flabbergasted the young man, and then, before he thought to jump off, he hit the deer fair in the side and doubled it up in a heap.

Of what followed the young woodsman has no distinct recollection. He got mixed up some way with something. For a brief instant he felt deer hide under his hands, then something hit him in the side and he went over into a ditch among the briers.

By and by he got up and examined his wheel. The handle bars were bent and some spokes needed straightening. The lamp was dented in several places, but would still show a light, the glass having been untouched. When he got things somewhat straightened out he began to examine the road. There was a place that looked like a deer's rolling place, with the imprints of a man's hand in the middle. A long mark showed where the deer's hoofs had slipped in the dirt. The deer was not to be seen.

Only once before in that part of the Adirondacks has a man succeeded in laying hands on a deer while the ground was bare, and that man was young Frank French of Morehouseville. A deer was watching Henry Cook one day up on the Indian river, and French, who had no gun, sneaked up behind the deer, and, grabbing it around the throat, choked it to death.



New Cycle Track in Mexico 8,000 Feet Above the Sea.

HUMOR OF THE MORGUE

Is Of en a Touch of Comedy In I s Mel dramas.

CASES OF COMING TO LIFE

Superstitions of Various Persons Who Visit New York City Morgue.

(Copyright, 1896.)

New York, Oct. 24.—There are men in the morgue to whom death has become sadly familiar, yet they have their fun, nevertheless. It is fun of a gruesome sort, to be sure, but without it life would be unbearable.

The echo of their laughter rings back in hollow mockery, as if the lifeless bodies stored in tiers were enjoying the joke, and this weird echo often checks their jollity.

Mr. White, the keeper of the morgue, has seen many queer things within that gloomy chamber that would be rich material for the funny paragraphers.

Only a few weeks ago he was standing on the pier outside the morgue when a small tug came puffing up the river and made fast to the landing.

"Got a stiff for you," laconically declared the tug captain, leaning out of the window of the pilot house.

"All right," responded White, who at once summoned his assistants, and they hoisted ashore the body of a well-built young fellow that was towing astern of the tug.

"Found him down the bay and made fast to him," again volunteered the captain, who seemed to expect some praise for his work; but he did not get it from White, who is so used to handling nothing but dead bodies that a new one only means so much more work. So the little tug went steaming angrily away, and the body was placed in an ice box.

Shortly after, a deputy coroner appeared to view the remains, and was just about to wield his instruments in beginning an autopsy, when the corpse sat up in the box, inquiring calmly: "What in h— is the matter? It is colder than a cake of ice here.

Deputy coroner, morgue keeper and assistants fell over one another in their haste to get away, and the corpse, as badly frightened then as they were, jumped up and started after them. He only reached the office, where he sank in a chair exhausted.

Whisky and other restoratives were applied in liberal quantities, and the resurrected one was soon able to be taken to Bellevue Hospital. There he gave his name as Samuel Cockran, twenty years old, of No. 246 West Forty ninth street. He only left the hospital a few days ago, but many a laugh he enjoyed with White and "Jeff," the old-time policeman stationed at the morgue, and others whom he frightened on the day of his resurrection.

His experience furnished an idea for Jimmy Wallace, "Weary Willie," one of the corps of dead-handlers attached to the morgue.

Whisky of late years has become almost an unknown quantity to Jimmy, yet he recently managed to get as much as he could carry by imitating Cockran's example. He went to sleep on the stringpiece one evening recently, and while in that condition a wag began to tickle his nose. He made several passes at the fly, which, as he supposed, was annoying him, and at last rolled off into the water. When he was finally picked out he was to all intents and purposes dead.

They carried Jimmy into the morgue and worked over him in all the ways directed by the board of health. Finally he was pronounced dead by the doctors. Just then some one suggested a little brandy. One of Jimmy's eyes opened immediately. "No—whisky," he faintly murmured. A pint was poured into him, then the other eye opened, and after he had a quart, more or less, poured down, he began to talk with his usual volubility.

Still those are not the most curious cases that have come to the notice of Mr. White. Frequently persons afflicted with tumors or goitre go to the charnel house and beg to be permitted to rub the hand of a dead person over the afflicted spot. They have such faith that they really believe such contact with dead hands will cure them. Their prayers and pleadings for the uncanny privilege are always of the most amusing kind.

One woman, who is a constant visitor, has a large swelling in her neck, and every time she visits the morgue for the laying on of dead hands, she amuses those who see her by her Munchausen tales, which she claims are true, of wonderful cures which have been effected in this way.

Neither White nor his assistants are done laughing yet over the clever hoax that was perpetrated on them a few days ago, when a supposed infant's body that had been fished out of the East River turned out to be nothing more or less than a first-class imitation of the figure of a body made out of gum drops. The work was so well done that the joke was not discovered until a deputy coroner, who had been summoned to perform an autopsy, stuck his knife in it to begin work.

A popular undertaker, whose place of business is right opposite, was for years the official "death messenger" of Bellevue Hospital, and his duties called him frequently to the morgue.

In conversation with the writer he said: "There is more fun to the square inch in the daily routine of the morgue than there is to be found in many of those continuous-performance theaters. I remember one case while I was there when a firm of Tenth avenue undertakers called for the body of a man whose relatives had identified him, and who ordered that the corpse should be sent to Forty-eighth street and Tenth avenue. I forget the name. However, when the undertaker laid the body out there he was nearly mobbed. He had taken away the wrong body, and the friends and relatives of the deceased thought he was trying to play a joke on them by 'ringing' in a gray-haired old derelict instead of the handsome corpse which belonged to them. He came back to the morgue with every living relative of the right dead man riding with him, and they all took a hand in loading the proper body in the wagon.

"It frequently occurs that some person comes here, identifies a body as that of a dear friend, bursts forth in the loudest kind of wailing, and then returns a few hours later, laughing with joy, to say a man or woman thought to be dead had come home only a little the worse for mixed ale or some other deadly beverage.

"But would you believe that there are persons whose sense of humor is so perverted that they play tricks on the dead?" he asked.

"Well, hardly."

"There are some. They come here regularly, identify bodies, and order them sent to an address. Upon arrival there it is found that no one knows them, and they are trundled back here. No one wanted the body alive, and no one wanted it afterwards," he concluded.

A few weeks ago the body of a man was brought to the morgue whose clenched right hand held five playing cards, three trays and two aces. There was such a look of satisfaction in the man's eyes that no one who has ever played the great American game could resist a smile.

The stake which that hand won was death, and the laugh at the pleased expression of the floater's face was hushed as soon as it left the lips.

"I shan't forget the seven days that came just after the explosion of the bomb in Russell Sage's office a few years ago," said Keeper White a few days ago between the visits of a sad-eyed woman, who was looking for her boy and a nervous young man who had read of the finding of a body which he was afraid might be his father's. "That week was the hardest I ever passed through. I wish we had kept a record of the number and kind of folks who came here to look at the bomb thrower's head, which, you remember, was all that was left of him. There were literally thousands of callers who wanted to see that head. Hundreds pretended they could identify the horrible thing as it floated in a glass jar of alcohol where we had put it for preservation, but no one who came for that avowed purpose could offer the slightest clew.

"You remember how the identification came about finally, of course—how Ike White, a newspaper reporter, got hold of one of the buttons from the bomb thrower's trousers; how he followed up the clew the button furnished, and, in Boston, found the maker of the trousers, and then how the bomb thrower's parents were afterwards traced.

"All that was told in the newspapers at the time, but no true notion was given in print of the general morbid interest that was taken in the case. It was the museum keepers who made life a burden for the genius of the morgue. It seemed as if every one of the men who cater to the amusement of the masses in New York was determined to secure that ghastly remnant of the tragedy. Some tried to buy it with money, and there were several offers of more than $1,000 each for the awful jar and its contents. When it was found that purchase of the thing would never be allowed there were big offers for its rental, as the museum men were confident that many dollars could be gathered in during even a brief exhibition of the trophy. When it was learned that it could not even be rented, attempts were made by the score to get possession of it by bogus identification. All sorts of schemes were resorted to, most of them so transparent that they needed only a moment's investigation to stamp them fraudulent. It got so bad before Ike White's real identification was made, that the dead house men were almost ready to bounce out of the place everyone who came in to look at the trunkless head. After the second or third day of the week there came a fear that, unless sharp watch was kept, the head would be stolen, and so it was taken into the hospital every night and locked up in a big iron safe, which was constantly under the eye of a vigilant watchman."

The Corpse Was as Badly Frightened as They.

KATIE'S SINGING.

Never knowed nuthin' o' love—not me,
Till Katie went singin' by;
Matchin' the mockin' birds up in the tree
('Peared to be singin' perticklar at me—
Singing at me, at me!)

Never knowed nuthin' o' love—not me,
Till Katie went singin' by;
Down where the blossoms was show'rin' free,
Tossin' her curls an' kisses at me—
Her curls an' her kisses at me!

Never knowed nuthin' o' love—not me,
Love's in the world an' the sky;
Bees in the blossoms an' birds on the bough—
Rills in the meadow just ripple it now—
Ripple an' ripple it now!

Love it was singin' an' singin' so sweet
That mornin' when Katie went by;
That's why the blossoms fell down at her feet—
That's why she listened an' heard my heart beat—
Listened an' heard my heart beat!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.